

The TIME-SERVER'S *K... 7*

GARLAND

Beautified with Four excellent *11627-2-7*

NEW SONGS.

1. The Time-server; or, politick Turn-coat.
2. The Green Garter; or the Deceiver fitted;
3. *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.*
4. The Downfal of *Esbet* Wind-mill.



Licensed and enter'd according to Order

 The Time-server's GARLAND, &c.



The Countryman's Continuance, or politic Turn-coat.

I Am a right honest Man, if you would know,
 If those Men that traffic in Trade may be so;
 And I think in Conscience, no Fault can be found,
To hold with the Hare, and to run with the Hound.

Sometimes for my Council I have got a good Fee,
 Now gratis behold my advice shall be free;
 To all that observe it great Good may be found,
To hold with the Hare and to run with the Hound.

The Side that is strongest, of that I will be,
 Be it what Side it will, its the best Policy
 I think it a Maxim both wholesome and sound,
To hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.

Be he Baptist, or Atheist, or sanctified Saint,
 Or any Opinion with whom I frequent.
 To jump with each Man in his Judgment I'm found,
Thus I hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.

For Fashions Sake, Sirs, at the Church I can pray,
 At a Conventicle cant the rest of the Day;
 Thus I find the old Proverb both safe Sirs, and sound,
To hold with the Hare, and to run with the Hound.

And thus my Ambition is all to deceive,
 I am a true Churchman, I'd have all believe;
 Yet I must tell you, no Fault can be found,
To hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.

If they bring us a man from a Meeting to teach
 And in the Church Pulpit his Sermon to preach,
 To hear him with Patience, it ne'er shall ne wound,
Thus I hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound. Such

Such good Men come among us each Day,
 And canting instruct us to walk the the right Way;
 What though in a Cloak to be drest they were found,
 They appear with the Rest in a Cassok and gown.

If the Blind lead the Blind, what is it to me,
 There are none more blind, then those who won't see;
 Yet Abundance of Ease, Sir, Safety is found,
That hold with the Hare, and so run with the Hound.

I hate for to be of a a turbulent Mind,
 I can turn Cat in Pan, as fast as the Wind;
 There are many such Persons as I to be found,
That can hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.

For my Part, if changes should come every Day,
 I'd change my Opinion still faster then they;
 And thus such as I most loyal are found;
That can hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.

Thus Proteus-like I can change my own Shape,
 From a Sheep to a Wolf, or a wrinkled Ape;
 And since it is Wisdom no Fault can be found,
To hold with the Hare, and to run with the Hound.

That Side that I ever will be zealous for,
 Must needs be the strongest, the Weak I abhor;
 Because it's my Interest I ever have found,
To hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.

Then Neighbours and Friends, be caution'd by me,
 Turn Coats, Gowns, and Shirts, if Occasion should be;
 Then in stinking dark Dungeons you ne'er shall be found
If you hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.

For Interest or Profit, I did suit with all Times,
 And now as a Legacy, I leave you these Lines
 With which I believe no Fault can be found,
To hold with the Hare, and to run with the Hound.

I now grow in Years, and e'er long must away,
 Then I'd have you be wise, and observe what I say;
 For no Sort of Troubles none ever yet found,
That hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.

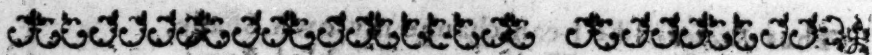
Though

Though I'm of this Principle, think it not strange,
For why in this World, there is nothing but change;
Perhaps there are more besides me have been found,
To hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.

Then to conclude, what Harm can there be,
In observing this honest old Proverb from me;
Then let Madam Fortune still turn her Wheel round,
I can hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.

And thus a Time-server shall still fare the best,
And still by the Mighty he shall be carest;
When all's topsy turvy, he still stands his Ground,
That can hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.

If the Whigs grow as great as ever may be,
I have nothing to say to't, what is it to me;
If they mount up as big as Bradshaw or Noll,
By the Lady it shall never trouble my Poll.



The Green Garter.

IN Dublin there lives a young Man it is spoken;
He's very well known by the Ways of his Token;
He's courted six Girls, all Friends and Acquaintance
And so well as he's shown them the Way to Repentance.
Fal, lai, lai, dal, ral, dal,

He has gone about young Maids for to couzen,
He's got five with Child, out of Half a Dozen,
He's bought them green Garters, which they took most kindly,
And under their Border he's fix'd them most finely.

Now he has plac'd them all round a large Table,
Put Two and Two together as well as he is able;
So cunningly he fix'd himself in the Middle,
Cries, Hey bonny Lasses can you read me a Riddle.

The Lass he lov'd best excell'd all the Rest,
But the Courtesy he gave her, but here lies the Jest,
With the Glass in his Hand, he cry'd I am no Starter.
Here's a Health to the bonny Lass that wears the green Garter.
O say

O says Miss Mally it's me he admires,
 O says Miss Jenny I'll make you a Liar;
 So stretching their Legs all out in due Order,
 There was a green Garter fix'd under each Border.

O says Miss Mally that I may embrace him,
 O says Miss Jenny that I may disgrace him,
 O says Miss Betty I'm easy about him,
 And O says Miss Tibby we'll all go without him.

Before that he goes we'll strip him and vex him,
 For serving him so we'll surely perplex him;
 So base a Deceiver delights to ruin
 Poor innocent Girls, and prove there undoing.

The one took his Wig, the other his Beaver,
 The Third took his Coat, and call'd him a Deceiver,
 The Fourth took his Vest, the fifth took his Breeches,
 The Plague take you all for a Parcel of Witches.

Now for to make an End of all Joking,
 They've taken from him both his Shoes and his Stockings;
 And as they drank round, they cry'd, Old Cousin Nature,
 Will you sport any more with the bonny green Garter.



Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They are twa' bonny Ladies:
 They bigg'd a bower on yon Burn brae,
 And theek'd it o'er wi' Rashes.

Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd Yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
 But Mary Gray's twa panky E'en,
 They gar my Fancy falter.

Now

Now *Bessy's* Hair's like a Lint-tap,
 She smiles like a *May* Morning;
 When *Phoebus* starts from *Thetis* Lap,
 The Hills with Rays adoring.

White is her Neck, fast is her Hand,
 Her Waste and Feet's fou genty,
 With ilka Grace she can command,
 Her Lips, O wow! they'er dainty.

And *Mary's* Locks they're like a Crow,
 Her Eyes like Diamonds glances;
 She's ay so clean red-up and braw,
 She kills when e'er she dances.

Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
 She blooming right and tall is,
 And guides her Airs sae graceful still,
 O *Jove* she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 Ye unco fair oppress us;
 Our Fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny Lasses.

Wae's me! for baith I cannot get,
 To ane by Law we'er stented;
 Then I'll draw Cuts and take my Fate,
 And be with ane contented.



The Downfal of Eshet Wind-mill.

BRAVE *Eshet* is famous for building and Water,
 A beautiful Garden and charming Coal-hill?
 With beautiful Gates, and good Barns and fine Stables,
 To keep down the Water a charming Wind-mill.

O proud

*O proud Boreas, why are you so cruel?
 O how could you threaten to do so much Ill?
 To bring down the Tiles from the Tops of our Houses?
 And then to demolish our bonny Wind-mill?*

The Wind it did thunder, it made us to wonder,
 It rent the Mill Rigging, as I understand;
 Her Sails and her Sweeble, her Stays being feeble,
 Her Sleepers were raised in the Turn of a Hand.

The Night she fell down we were all in Bed sleeping,
 And there we lay safely until the next Day,
 That *Phæbus* arose, and was through the Clouds peeping,
 And when we look'd the Wind-mill was away.

No doubt, when we rose, we were surprized,
 To see how the Wind had not left her Stump?
 But list'd her quite from the Place where left her
 And laid her whole Body cross over the Pump.

Her Bolts they were scatter'd in mighty Disorder,
 Her Nuts to be sure there were many one lost?
 And I could compare her to nought but a Ship,
 That was broken in Pieces, and left on the Coast.

Yet here is a Mercy should he'er be forgotten,
 That we were not there to see the Downfal;
 It may be remember'd when wee'r dead and rotten,
 For had we been there we'd been murder'd all.

The De'il to be sure had his Hand in the Action,
 For all his Delight is in Mischief and Ill;
 For him and the Witches I think had a Passion,
 To vent all this Mischief upon the Wind-mill.

For they will not let the Mill stand where we set her,
 So we may give over the working of Coal,
 And then we lay our Shank-bones on the Fire,
 And that's what we'll never be able to thole.

Another Misfortune our canny Coal Hewers,
 That Morning as they were going to Work,

For

For want of the Mill lost their usual Courses,
For she was a Pilot to them in the Dark.

Yet we will rebuild her in spite of the Devil,
And so to the Work let us quickly begin;
We'll send for the Workmen with all Expedition,
And till she's finish'd we'll keep on the Gin.

But we'll have her built in a far better Fashion,
We'll lay her Foundation long Time to remain;
And let *Boreas's* blow till his Eye-strings be weary,
He'll never be able to raise her again.

A small Observation I have of another,
Was lately erected for grinding of Snuff,
But *Boreas's* Breath did her Purposes smother,
He winded his Bellows and lent her Puff.

They thought to draw Custom from *Lindsey* and *Pringle*,
And for the same End they did build a Wind-mill;
But soon she came down with a terrible Jingle,
And to my best Mind she's lying there still.

They made such a hobbling Banter about her,
And she should be called *Newcastle* Snuff-mill;
But I was inform'd she never drew Mouster,
She shar'd the same Fate of *Essex* Wind-mill.

You Gentlemen all, who belong this Lordship,
I hope you'll not think I have used you ill;
For I do not mean in the least to defame ye,
By making a song on your canny Wind-mill.

For I was in Company with a high Constable,
He's a Freeholder, and Miller beside,
He said, If I did not make this Ballad directly,
He threaten'd severely to lick my Hide.

A Miller's a Man of a Wonderful Courage,
And Taylors you know they are easy afraid;
And none that regards their own Safety will say,
That a Constable's Orders should not be obey'd.